Per. My purpoſe was for *Tharſus*, there to ſtrike
The inhoſpitable *Cleon*, but I am for other ſeruice firſt,
Toward *Epheſus* turne our blowne ſayles,
Eftſoones Ile tell why, ſhall we refreſh vs ſir vpon your ſhore,
and giue you gold for ſuch prouiſion as our intents will neede.

Lyſ. Sir, with all my heart, and when you come a ſhore,
I haue another ſleight.

Per. You ſhall preuaile, were it to wooe my daughter, for
it ſeemes you haue beene noble towards her.

Lyſ. Sir, lend me your arme.

Per. Come my *Marina*. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower.

Now our ſands are almoſt run,
More a little, and then dum.
This my laſt boone giue me,
For ſuch kindneſſe muſt releeue me:
That you aptly will ſuppoſe,
What pageantry, what feates, what ſhewes,
What Minſtrelſie, what pretty din,
The Regent made in *Metalin*,
To greete the King; ſo he thriued,
That he is promiſed to be wiued
To faire *Marina*, but in no wiſe,
Till he had done his ſacrifice,
As *Dian* bad, whereto being bound,
The Interim pray, you all confound.
In fetherd briefeneſſe ſayles are fild,
And wiſhes fall out as thei'r wild.
At *Epheſus* the Temple ſee,
Our King and all his company.
That he can hither come ſo ſoone,
Is by your fancies thankfull doome. *Exit.*

Enter Pericles, Lyſimachus, Hellicanus, Marina, and others.

Per. Haile *Dian*, to performe thy iuſt command,
I here confeſſe my ſelfe the King of *Tyre*.
Who frighted from my Country, did wed at *Pentapolis*, the
faire *Thaiſa*, at ſea in childbed died ſhe, but brought foorth a
Maid

Maid childe called *Mari*
ſiluer liuery, ſhe at *Tharſ*
teene yeares he ſought t
her to *Metaline*, gainſt w
the maid aboord to vs, w
brance, ſhe made known
Th. Voyce and fauour,
Pe. What means the w
Cer. Sir, if you haue tol
Per. Reuerend appe
theſe very armes.
Cer. Vpon this Coaſt,
Per. Tis moſt certaine
Cer. Looke to the Lad
Earely in bluſtring mor
ſhore. I opened the C
her, and placed her heere
Per. May we ſee them
Cer. Great ſir, they ſh
ther I inuite you, looke,
Thai. O let me looke
to my ſence bend no lice
ing: O my Lord, are y
like him you are: did you
Per. The voice of dea
Thai. That *Thaiſa* am
Per. Immortal *Dian*!
Thai. Now I know yo
Pentapolis, the King my F
Per. This, this, no m
makes my paſt miſeries ſ
ching of her lips I may
be buried a ſecond time
Mar. My heart leaps t
Per. Looke who knee
burden at the ſea, and ca
Thai. Bleſt, and mine